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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

BRICKLAYERS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

It is a very hot day and a "dusty day;" you are passing through a street in which there is no shade,—a new street, only half-built and half-paved—the areas unfinished as you advance (it is to be hoped no drunken man will stray there)—the floors of the houses only rafted (you can't go in and sit down)—broken glass, at the turnings, on the bits of garden wall—the time, noon—the month, August—the whole place glaring with the sun, and coloured with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life, you are longing for soda-water, or for the sound of a pump, when suddenly you

"Hear a trowel tick against a brick,"

and down a ladder by your side, which bends at every step, comes dancing, with hod on shoulder, a bricklayer, who looks as dry as his vocation,—his eyes winking, his mouth gaping, his beard grim with a week's growth, the rest of his hair like a badger's. You then for the first time see a little water by the way-side, thick and white with chalk; and are doubting whether to admire it as a liquid or detest it for its colour, when a quantity of lime is dashed against the sieve, and you receive in your eyes and mouth a taste of the dry and burning elements of mortar, without the refreshment of the wet. Finally, your shoe is burnt; and as the bricklayer says something to his fellow in Irish, who laughs, you fancy that he is witty at your expence, and has made some ingenious bull.

"A pretty picture, Mr London-Journalist! and very refreshing, this hot weather!"

Oh, but you are only a chance-acquaintance of us, my dear Sir; you don't know what philosophies we writers and readers of the *LONDON JOURNAL* possess, which render us "lords of ourselves," unencumbered even with the mighty misery of a hot day, and the hod on another man's shoulder. You, unfortunate easy man, have been thinking of nothing but the "aggravations" of the street all this while, and are ready to enter your house after the walk, in a temper to kick off your shoes into the servant's face. We, besides being in the street, have been in all sorts of pleasant and remote places; have been at Babylon; have been at Bagdad; have bathed in the river Tigris, the river of that city of the 'Arabian Nights'; nay, have been in Paradise itself! led by old Bochart and his undeniable maps, where you see the place as "graphically set forth" as though it had never vanished, and Adam and Eve walking in it, taller than the trees. We are writing upon the very book this moment instead of a desk, a fond custom of ours; though, for dignity's sake, we beg to say we have a desk; but we like an old folio to write upon, written by some happy believing hand, no matter

whether we go all lengths or not with his sort of proof, provided he be in earnest and a good fellow.*

Let us indulge ourselves a moment, during this hot subject, with the map in question. It is now before us, the river Euphrates running up through it in dark fulness, and appearing through the paper on which we are writing like rich veins. Occasionally we take up the paper to see it better; the garden of Eden, however, always remaining visible below, and the mountains of Armenia at top. The map is a small folio size, darkly printed, with thick letters; a good stout sprinkle of mountains; a great tower to mark the site of Babylon; trees, as formal as a park in those days, to shadow forth the terrestrial paradise, with Adam and Eve, as before mentioned; Greek and Hebrew names here and there mingled with the Latin; a lion, towards the north-west, sitting in Armenia, and bigger than a mountain; some other beast, "stepping west" from the Caspian sea; and a great tablet in the south-west corner, presenting the title of the map, the site of Eden, or the Terrestrial Paradise (Edenis, seu Paradisi Terrestris Situs), surmounted with a tree, and formidable with the Serpent; who, suddenly appearing from one side of it with the apple in his mouth, is startling a traveller on the other. These old maps are as good to study as pictures and books; and the region before us is specially rich—reverend with memories of scripture, pompous with Alexander's cities, and delightful with the 'Arabian Nights.' You go up from the Persian Gulf at the foot, passing (like Sindbad) the city of Caiphat, where "bdellium" is to be had, and the island of Bahrim, famous for its pearl fishery (Bahrim Insula Margaritarum piscat. Celebris); then penetrate the garden of Eden, with the river Euphrates, as strait as a canal; pass the Cypress-grove, which furnished the wood of which the ark was made; Mousal, one of our old friends in the 'Arabian Nights'; Babylon, famous for a hundred fables, the sublime of brick-building; בִּרְדֵּינָא

the "Naarda of Ptolemy," a "celebrated school of the Jews;" Ur (of the Chaldees), the country of Abraham; Noah's city, *Χωμὴν Θαμάρων*, the city of Eight, so called from the eight persons that came out of the ark; Omar's Island, where there is a mosque (says the map) made out of the relics of the ark; Mount Ararat, on the top of which it rested; and thence you pass the springs of the Tigris and the Euphrates into Colchis with its Golden Fleece, leaving the Caspian sea on one side, and the Euxine on the other, with Phasis the country of pheasants, and Cappadocia, where you see the mild light shining on the early Christian church; and you have come all this way through the famous names of Persia, and Arabia, and Armenia, and Mesopotamia, and Syria, and Assyria, with Arbela on the right hand, where Darius was overthrown, and Damascus on the left, rich, from time immemorial to this day, with almost every Eastern association of ideas, sacred and profane.

In regions of this nature, did sincere, book-loving, scholarly Bochart spend the days of his mind,—by far the greater portion of the actual days of such a man's life; and for that reason we, who, though not so scholarly, love books as well as he did, love to have

* Our volume is the *Geographia Sacra*, followed by his commentary on Stephen of Byzantium, the treatise *De Jure Regum*, &c. &c. The Leyden Edition, 1707.

the folio of such a man under our paper for a desk,—making his venerable mixture of truth and fiction a foundation, as it were, for our own love of both, and rendering the dream of his existence, in some measure, as tangible to us as it was to himself, in the shape of one of his works of love.—Do people now-a-days,—do even we ourselves,—love books as they did in those times? It is hardly possible, seeing how the volumes have multiplied, to distract choice and passion, and also how small in size they have become,—octavos and duodecimos. A little book is indeed "a love," (to use a modern phrase,)—and fitted to carry about with us in our walks and pockets: but then a great book,—a folio,—was a thing to look up to,—to build,—a new and lawful Babel,—and therefore it had an aspect more like a religion.—Well; love is religion too, and of the best; and so we will return to our common task.

Now observe, O casual reader of the *LONDON JOURNAL*, what such of us as are habituated to it, found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9, Golf street, Little Meadows; and to become a brick-bat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O, thou of little bookstall! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity,—with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinar;—there is a clatter of brick-making in the fields of Accad; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate therefore, or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street; for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens; and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read, as men try to read at this day, the arrow-headed letters on the bricks,—as easy to us at that time as A. B. C.; though what they mean now, neither we nor Mr Rich can tell. The said brick, as our readers have seen, thence took us into paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotamia and the Arabian Nights, with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan; and returning home, what do we desery? The street itself alone! No: Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of bricklayers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery lane (see the SUPPLEMENT to the *LONDON JOURNAL*, Vol. I, p. xxxv.), the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London (ditto—p. iii.), Spenser's celebration of—

"Those bricky towers,

The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres;"

to wit, the Temple; and then we think of our old and picture-learned friend, our lamented Hazlitt who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast—to which we can bear instant and curious testimony; for passing the other Jay through the gate that leads from St James's park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colours in a tree to the right of us, at the corner; which colours, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks, that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees. We smiled at the mis-

take; but it was with pleasure; for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy, and common-place, may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

The most elegant houses in the world, generally speaking, are built of clay. You have riches inside,—costliness and beauty on the internal walls,—paintings, papers, fine draperies,—themselves compounded of the homeliest growths of the earth; but pierce an inch or two outwards, and you come to the stuff of which the hovel is made. It is nothing but *mind* at last which throws elegance upon the richest as well as the poorest materials. Let a rich man give a hundred guineas for a *daub*, and people laugh at him and his *daub* together. The inside of his wall is no better than his out. But let him put Titian or Correggio upon it, and he puts *mind* there,—visible mind, and therefore the most precious to all; his own mind too, as well as the painter's, for love partakes of what it loves; and yet the painter's visible mind is not a bit different, except in degree, from the mind with which every lover of the graceful and the *possible* may adorn whatsoever it looks upon. The object will be perhaps rich in itself, but if not, it will be rich, somehow or other, in association; and it can only be too often repeated, as a truth in strictest logic; that every impression is real which is actually made upon us, whether by fact or fancy. No minds entirely divorced the two, or can divorce them, even if they evince the spiritual part of their faculties in doing nothing better than *taking a fancy* to a tea-cup or a hat; and Nature, we may be assured, intended that we should receive pleasure from the associations of ideas, as well as from images tangible; for all mankind, more or less, do so. The great art is to cultivate impressions of the pleasant sort, just as a man will raise wholesome plants in his garden and not poisonous ones.

A bricklayer's tools may illustrate a passage in Shakspeare. One of them is called a *bevel*, and is used to cut the under-side of bricks to a required angle. "Bevel" is a sort of irregular square.

"They that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own.
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel." Sonnet 121.

We shall conclude this paper with two bricklaying anecdotes, one of which has more manner than matter; but there is an *ease* in it, very comforting, when we reflect upon the laboriousness of the occupation in a hot day. And this reminds us, that in considering the bricklayer, we must not forget how many of his hours he passes in a world of his own, though in the streets,—pacing on scaffolding, descending and ascending ladders, living on the outsides of houses, betwixt ground-floors and garrets, or overlooking us from the top—now burning in the sun, now catching a breeze unknown to us prisoners of the pavement. We have heard of a bricklayer who was a somnambulist by day-time, and used to go on with his work in that state, along the precipices of parapet walls, and the nice points of tops of ladders. But to our anecdotes:—

An acquaintance of ours was passing a street in which Irish bricklayers were at work, when he heard one of them address, from below, another who was sending him baskets down by a rope. "*Lour asy*, wou'd you?" said he; meaning that his friend was to *lower* the baskets in a style less hasty and inconvenient. "*Lour asy!*" exclaimed the other, in a tone indignant at having the quiet perfection of his movements called in question, and in the very phraseology of which we seem to hear the Hibernian elevation of his eyebrows, as well as the rough lightness of his voice, "I *lour* so asy, I don't know *how* I *lour*."

The other story appears to us to exhibit the very prince of bulls—the prize animal in that species of cattle:—An Irish labourer laid a wager with another, that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his bod, without letting him fall. Agreed. The bod is occupied, the ladder ascended, there is peril at every step. Above all, there is life and the loss of the wager at the top of the ladder. death and success below! The house-top is reached

insafely; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. "Well," said he, "you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third story *I had hopes*."

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

GAINSBOROUGH THE PAINTER.

[This is one of the liveliest and most amusing biographical sketches we are acquainted with. It is not a full length; but the head, heart, and manner of the man are exceedingly well given. It is by Jackson of Exeter; who, besides being an excellent and affecting musician, (witness, if he had left nothing else, his "Encompassed in an angel's frame,") was an ingenious writer of essays and criticisms. He is said also to have been a "no mean proficient" in his friend's principal walk of art,—landscape-painting.]

In the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much surprised, that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewy eve!" Many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed—this was wonderful, as it was Abel's own instrument, and therefore ought to have produced Abel's own music!

Fortunately my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy; but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin. But this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.*

The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpless; and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away. If you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you

* It was at this time I heard Fischer play a solo on the violin, and accompany himself on the same instrument. The air of the solo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand.—[This is what Paganini has since done so wonderfully.]

might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians!

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crossdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crossdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded (perhaps it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, whom, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe. "****" says he, "I am come to buy your lute!"

"To *buy* my lute!"

"Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money."

"I cannot *shell* my lute!"

"No, not for a guinea or two!—but by God you must sell it."

"*May lude is wert much monnay! it is wert ten guinea.*"

"That it is—see, here is the money."

"*Well—if I musht—but you will not take it away yourself?*"

"Yes, yes—good bye ****"

(After he had gone down he came up again.)

"**** I have done but half my errand—what is your lute worth, if I have not your book?"

"*What poog, Maister Gainsborough?*"

"Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute."

"*Ah, py cot, I can never part woid my poog!*"

"Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean" (putting it in his pocket).

"*Ah, py cot I cannot!*"

"Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—so, once more, good day t'ye—(descends again, and again comes up.)—But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it?—and your lute, you—you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me my first lesson."

"*I will come to-morrow.*"

"You must come now."

"*I musht tress myshelf.*"

"For what?—you are the best figure I have seen to day—"

"*Ay musht be shave!*"

"I honour your beard!"

"*Ay musht bud on my wit!*"

"D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?"

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments—

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of Figures—to which must be added his Drawings.

To take these in the above-mentioned order—

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect his skill was unrivalled. The next point is, that it is a good picture—here, he has as often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin washy colouring, and a patching style of pencilling. But when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shews a great defect in judgment, to be from choice wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of *Blue-boy*—it was in the possession of Mr. Buttall, near Newport-market.

There are three different *asas* in his landscapes. His first manner was an imitation of Ruysdael, with more various colouring—the second was an extravagant looseness of pencilling, which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess—his third manner was a solid firm style of touch.

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was, (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months; then ruined it for ever! With all his excellences in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist—but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution, which excellence I shall again mention:

His groupings of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural—for a town-girl, with her clothes in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groupings at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c., that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure—his 'Shepherd's Boy,' 'Woodman,' 'Girl and Pigs,' are equal to the best pictures on such subjects. His 'Fighting Dogs,' 'Girl warming herself,' and some others, shew his great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the 'Girl and Pigs' held at Mr Calonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation on one point, it would be on his Drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent;—his washes, patching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing; and the hasty, loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent work of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced, were in some of his drawings—and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting), his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself, instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a Gainsborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the manner in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject, in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, *in subjection to them*. To a good painter or musician, this illustration was needless, and yet, by them *only*, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gainsborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting; he never sold, but always gave away his drawings—commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value.*

He hated the harpsichord and the piano-forte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his Letters, that if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it. I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious; his

* He presented twenty drawings to a lady, who pasted them to the wainscot of her dressing-room. Sometime after she left the house; the drawings, of course, became the temporary property of every tenant.

favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add, that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"—strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXI.—RICHARD III.

'RICHARD III' may be considered as properly a stage-play: it belongs to the theatre, rather than to the closet. We shall therefore criticise it chiefly with a reference to the manner in which we have seen it performed. It is the character in which Garrick came out: it was the second character in which Mr Kean appeared, and in which he acquired his fame. Shakspeare we have always with us: actors we have only for a few seasons; and therefore some account of them may be acceptable, if not to our contemporaries, to those who come after us, if "that rich and idle personage, Posterity," should deign to look into our writings.

It is possible to form a higher conception of the character of Richard than that given by Mr Kean: but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part. Perhaps indeed there is too much of what is technically called execution. When we first saw this celebrated actor in the part, we thought he sometimes failed from an exuberance of manner, and dissipated the impression of the general character by the variety of his resources. To be complete, his delineation of it should have more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

The Richard of Shakspeare is towering and lofty; equally impetuous and commanding; haughty, violent, and subtle; bold and treacherous; confident in his strength as well as in his cunning; raised high by his birth, and higher by his talents and his crimes; a royal usurper, a princely hypocrite, a tyrant and a murderer of the house of Plantagenet.

"But I was born so high:
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

The idea conveyed in these lines (which are indeed omitted in the miserable medley acted for 'Richard III') is never lost sight of by Shakspeare, and should not be out of the actor's mind for a moment. The restless and sanguinary Richard is not a man striving to be great, but to be greater than he is; conscious of his strength of will, his power of intellect, his daring courage, his elevated station; and making use of these advantages to commit unheard-of crimes, and to shield himself from remorse and infamy.

If Mr Kean does not entirely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character, as drawn by Shakspeare, he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part, which we have not seen equalled. He is more refined than Cooke; more bold, varied, and original than Kemble in the same character. In some parts he is deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business, he has by no means an air of artificial authority. There is at times an aspiring elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his ex-

pectations of attaining the crown, and at others a gloating expression of sullen delight, as if he already clenched the bauble, and held it in his grasp. The courtship scene with Lady Anne is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, is finely marked by his action, voice and eye. He seems, like the first Tempter, to approach his prey, secure of the event, and as if success had smoothed his way before him. The late Mr Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more vehement, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was less in character in this particular instance. Richard should woo less as a lover than as an actor—to show his mental superiority, and power of making others the play-things of his purposes. Mr Kean's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward to address Lady Anne, is one of the most graceful and striking ever witnessed on the stage. It would do for Titian to paint. The frequent and rapid transition of his voice from the expression of the fiercest passion to the most familiar tones of conversation, was that which gave a peculiar grace of novelty to his acting on his first appearance. This has been since imitated and caricatured by others, and he himself uses the artifice more sparingly than he did. His bye-play is excellent. His manner of bidding his friends "Good night," after pausing with the point of his sword, drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, as if considering the plan of the battle next day, is a particularly happy and natural thought. He gives to the two last acts of the play the greatest animation and effect. He fills every part of the stage; and makes up for the deficiency of his person by what has been sometimes objected to as an excess of action. The concluding scene in which he is killed by Richmond is the most brilliant of the whole. He fights at last like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is wrested from him, has a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill.—Mr Kean has since in a great measure effaced the impression of his Richard III by the superior efforts of his genius in Othello (his master-piece), in the murder-scene in Macbeth, in Richard II, in Sir Giles Overreach, and lastly in Oroonoko; but we still like to look back to his first performance of this part, both because it first assured his admirers of his future success, and because we bore our feeble but, at that time, not useless testimony to the merits of this very original actor, on which the town was very considerably divided for no other reason than because they were original.

The manner in which Shakspeare's plays have been generally altered or rather mangled by modern mechanists, is a disgrace to the English stage. The patch-work 'Richard III,' which is acted under the sanction of his name, and which was manufactured by Cibber, is a striking example of this remark.

The play itself is undoubtedly a very powerful effusion of Shakspeare's genius. The ground-work of the character of Richard, that mixture of intellectual vigour with moral depravity, in which Shakspeare delighted to show his strength—gave full scope as well as temptation to the exercise of his imagination. The character of his hero is almost everywhere predominant, and marks his lurid track throughout. The original play is however too long for representation, and there are some few scenes which might be better spared than preserved, and by omitting which it would remain a complete whole. The only rule, indeed, for altering Shakspeare is to retrench certain passages which may be considered either as superfluous or obsolete, but not to add or transpose any thing. The arrangement and development of the story, and the mutual contrast and combination of the *dramatis persone*, are in general as finely managed as the development of the characters or the expression of the passions.

This rule has not been adhered to in the present instance. Some of the most important and striking

passages in the principal character have been omitted, to make room for idle and misplaced extracts from other plays; the only intention of which seems to have been to make the character of Richard as odious and disgusting as possible. It is apparently for no other purpose than to make Gloucester stab King Henry on the stage, that the fine abrupt introduction of the character in the opening of the play is lost in the tedious whining morality of the luxurious king (taken from another play);—we say *tedious*, because it interrupts the business of the scene, and loses its beauty and effect by having no intelligible connection with the previous character of the mild, well-meaning monarch. The passages which the unfortunate Henry has to recite are beautiful and pathetic in themselves, but they have nothing to do with the world that Richard has to "bustle in." In the same spirit of vulgar caricature is the scene between Richard and Lady Anne (when his wife) interpolated without any authority, merely to gratify this favourite propensity to disgust and loathing. With the same perverse consistency, Richard, after his last fatal struggle, is raised up by some Galvanic process, to utter the imprecation, without any motive but pure malignity, which Shakspeare has so properly put into the mouth of Northumberland on hearing of Percy's death. To make room for these worse than needless additions, many of the most striking passages in the real play have been omitted by the foppery and ignorance of the prompt-book critics. We do not mean to insist merely on passages which are fine as poetry and to the reader, such as Clarence's dream, &c., but on those which are important to the understanding of the character, and peculiarly adapted for stage-effect. We will give the following as instances among several others. The first is the scene where Richard enters abruptly to the queen and her friends to defend himself:—

"GLOUCESTER. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I forsooth am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours:
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GRAT. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLOUCESTER. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace;

When have I injured thee, when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all!"

Nothing can be more characteristic than the turbulent pretensions to meekness and simplicity in this address. Again, the versatility and adroitness of Richard is admirably described in the following ironical conversation with Brakenbury:—

"BRAKENBURY. I beseech your graces both to pardon me.

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

GLOUCESTER. E'en so, and please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well strook in years, fair, and not jealous.
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

BRAKENBURY. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

GLOUCESTER. What, fellow, naught to do with mistress Shore?

I tell you, sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.

BRAKENBURY. What one, my lord?

GLOUCESTER. Her husband, knave—would'st thou betray me?"

The feigned reconciliation of Gloucester with the queen's kinsmen is also a master-piece. One of the finest strokes in the play, and which serves to show

as much as any thing the deep, plausible manners of Richard, is the unsuspecting security of Hastings, at the very time when the former is plotting his death, and when that very appearance of cordiality and good-humour on which Hastings builds his confidence, arises from Richard's consciousness of having betrayed him to his ruin. This, with the whole character of Hastings, is omitted.

Perhaps the two most beautiful passages in the original play are the farewell apostrophe of the queen to the Tower, where her children are shut up from her, and Tyrrel's description of their death. We will finish our quotations with them.

"QUEEN. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower;

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immured within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude, rugged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,
For tender princes!"

The other passage is the account of their death by Tyrrel:—

"Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story:
O thus! quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes;
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in that summer beauty kissed each other;
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind:

But oh the devil!—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation ere she framed."

These are some of those wonderful bursts of feeling, done to the life, to the very height of fancy and nature, which our Shakspeare alone could give. We do not insist on the repetition of these last passages as proper for the stage: we should indeed be loth to trust them in the mouth of any actor; but we should wish them to be retained in preference at least to the fantoccini exhibition of the young princes, Edward and York, bandying childish wit with their uncle.

FINE ARTS.

Attack of a Baggage Waggon at Naseby Field, 1645.
Painted and Etched by Henry Melling. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

This design is a companion to the 'Retreat of a Baggage Waggon at the Battle of Naseby,' published by Mr Melling some time back, of which we elsewhere recorded our admiration. The plate before us is in the same style, roughly, but vigorously and effectively etched. It is perhaps less complete as a whole than the other print—the action is not so unfailingly preserved in all parts, and to the same end; but the pictorial effect is excellent. The figures to the left are a little stiff, especially the man on the ground; he does not seem in earnest in the death struggle. The white horse, however, and his rider, the man striking at him, and all the picture to the right, is full of life and right stalwart activity. There seems a want of study in the drawing of one or two parts, a defect which the rest proves to be quite in Mr Melling's power to avoid; and certainly he is bound to give his natural genius all the advantages of the power which is to be acquired from study and self-criticism.

A History and Description of the Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster, &c.
By J. Britton and Edward Brayley. Nos. IV, V, VI. John Weale.

We have now reached the sixth No. of this work, which improves in its progress. The engravings in the numbers before us seem generally softer, but not less clear than the earlier ones. The first engraving in No. VI, by J. Le Keux, is the best that has been executed for the work. When complete the book will certainly contain a very full and particular picture of the venerable buildings of the ancient city.

Arboretum Britannicum. Parts VI, VII. By J. C. Loudon.

As copious, clear, and exact as ever. The sight of it from time to time quite makes us long for a bit of land of our own, whereon to grouse the forms which are here so enticingly displayed. We would suggest that a few of the trees would be improved by being a little darker. The yew, for instance, conveys the idea of a lighter coloured tree than we ever remember to have seen it.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXI.—AN UNDENIABLE AFFAIRITION.

(From the volume by Jackson, of Exeter, mentioned in our last.)

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead, man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair; there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he rose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living, went out, and then shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.

In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact asserted by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience but for one thing which lay on her mind—"Do you not remember Mr * * * whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I

kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented!"

TABLE TALK.

POSITION OF PREPOSITIONS.

The preposition is generally placed *immediately before* its object; but it is also not unfrequently placed *after* it, and even a considerable distance from it; thus, we may either say, "*For such conduct I am at a loss to account,*" or "*Such conduct I am at a loss to account for.*" The practice of separating the preposition from its object is condemned by some critics, but obviously on insufficient grounds. Not only is this practice more accordant than the opposite with the original idiom of our language, as appears from its prevailing more in colloquial discourse, but it is defensible on general principles. The preposition, being expressive of the relation between a verb or a noun as its subject, and a noun or a pronoun as its object, is as closely connected with the former as with the latter by intervening words; as often happens, the speaker or writer is reduced to the alternative either of making the preposition follow its subject, in which case it must be detached from its object, or of making it precede its object, in which case it must be detached from its subject. The choice, in itself arbitrary, can only be determined, in the instance of any particular language, by custom.—Vide 'Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric,' book iii, chap. iv, for a full and satisfactory discussion of the point.—*McCulloch's Manual of English Grammar.*

OXFORD.

Nothing can be more majestic, I had almost said awful, than the aspect of those grey buildings which have thrown their shadow over the last innocent hours of so many lives. The dreary barrenness of asceticism, which might seem to be imaged in the weather-beaten stones, is softened and beautified by the living and joyous freshness of the groves that surround those echoing cloisters. The greatness of many of the men who had here been educated presented itself to me as animating and crowning the city of colleges, before I had become acquainted with the characters of the actual inhabitants.—I dreamed of Hooker, sitting with his book on some shaded knoll in the outskirts of the gardens; and Taylor in some dim library sending abroad the glances of his dark and glowing eyes to plunder from all the world and entombed antiquity, their innermost hoards of wisdom and loveliness. I thought of Sydney and Raleigh, the choice gentlemen of England, here conversing in the gaiety of a boyhood, afterwards so fruitful for both of stately honour. Even then I remembered Vane, perhaps the most profound and vigorous spirit of the most memorable generation, and Locke and Somers, the skillful and temperate, but how far too timorous reformers of our government.—*Arthur Coningsby.*

INDIAN FESTIVAL OF THE BRACELET.

The Festival of the Bracelet (Rakhi) is in spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of the few when an intercourse of gallantry of the most delicate nature is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers of Rajast'han. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on occasions of urgent necessity, or danger. The Rajpoot dame bestows with the Rakhi the title of adopted brother; and while its acceptance secures to her all the protection of a *caballero servente*, scandal itself never suggests any other tie to his devotion. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward; for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connexion, never endangered by close observation, and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the *Rakhi-bund Bhâe* (the Bracelet-bound Brother) of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to, nor is it requisite it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor, and may be of flock silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge and its return—by the *Katchli*, or corslet of simple silk or satin, or gold brocade and pearls. In shape or application there is nothing similar in Europe, and as defending the most delicate part of the structure of the fair, it is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of devotion. A whole province has often accompanied the *Katchli*, and the monarch of India was so pleased with the courteous delicacy in the customs of Rajast'han, on receiving the bracelet of the princess Karnaui, which invested him with the title of her brother, and uncle and protector to her infant Oody Sing; that he pledged himself to her service, "even if her demand were the castle of Rintumbor." Hema-

yoona proved himself a true knight, and even abandoned his conquests in Bengal when called on to redeem his pledge, and succor Cheetore, and the widows and minor sons of Sanga Rana.

Many romantic tales are founded on the gift of the Rakhi. The author, who was placed in the enviable situation of being able to do good, and on the most extensive scale, was the means of restoring many of these ancient families from degradation to affluence. The greatest reward he could, and the only one he would receive, was the courteous civility displayed in many of these interesting customs. He was the *Rakhi-bund Bhâe* of, and received the bracelet from, three queens of Oodipoor, Boondi, and Kotah, besides Chund Bae, the maiden sister of the Rana; as well as many ladies of the chieftains of rank, with whom he interchanged letters. The sole articles of "barbaric pearl and gold" which he conveyed from a country where he was many years supreme, are these testimonies of friendly regard. Intrinsically of no great value, they were presented and accepted in the ancient spirit, and he retains them with a sentiment the more powerful, because he can no longer render them any service.—*Tod's Antiquities of Rajast'han.*

THE MOTHER-EAGLE AND THE PEASANT-BOY.

A curious instance of the ferocity of the eagle occurred lately at a solitary chalet on a pasture mountain: a peasant boy, eight years of age, was engaged in looking after some cattle, and he was the sole tenant of the cottage, as the Swiss train up their children very early to this occupation. He perceived two young eagles at no great distance, on the ledge of a low rock; tempted by the prize, he drew silently close behind the rock, and suddenly grasping them in his arms, took possession of both birds, in spite of the most determined resistance. He was yet struggling with his prey, when hearing a great noise, he saw, to his no little terror, the two old birds flying rapidly towards him. He ran with all his speed to the chalet, and closed the door just in time to shut out his pursuers. The boy afterward spoke of the terror he suffered during the whole day in his lonely chalet, lest the old eagles should force an entrance; as, being powerful birds, they would soon in their fury have ended his life. They kept up the most frightful cries, and strove with all their might to break down the barriers of the frail chalet, loosely built of single logs, and find some avenue by which to rescue their offspring. But the young peasant kept his prey, well aware of its value—a louis d'or being given by the government of Berne for every eagle killed. As night approached, he saw his pursuers, tired with their useless efforts, leave the chalet, and watched their flight to the lofty, though not distant precipice: and as soon as the darkness had set in, he again grasped the two eaglets in his arms, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the mountain to the nearest village, often looking back, lest the parent birds should have descried him, and fancying he heard their cries at every interval. He arrived in safety, however, at the hamlet, not a little proud of his prize.—*Carné's Letters from Switzerland and Italy*, p. 89.

[This is interesting; but we do not exactly see the "ferocity" evinced by the eagle. The gentlest of women would, perhaps, have been equally ferocious in similar circumstances. Indeed there is a fact recorded of a mother who was ferocious enough to pursue an eagle to his nest to recover her infant, stolen by the bird. The most remarkable thing in the story is the courageous perseverance of the boy. One would like to know whether he ventured to shew himself on the spot the next day; and whether the birds repeated their visit to the chalet.]

THE MORALITY OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down, would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately: to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something

more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a common place against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now-a-days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living.—*Lamb's Specimens.*

VEGETABLE MARKETS OF DUBLIN, EDINBURGH, LONDON, BRUSSELS, AND GLASGOW.

Improvement is the characteristic of civilized man, and implies progressive advances. Men rest satisfied with what they have, when they know of nothing better; and, therefore, one of the first sources of improvement in the taste of the patrons of gardening, whether of the tradesman who has recourse to the public market, or the private gentleman who is in possession of a garden, is the increase of knowledge. The wealthy tradesmen of Dublin and Edinburgh should look into Covent Garden market in London; and, not to mention fruits, and forced or exotic productions, let them compare the cauliflowers and salading of the three markets. Those who have once acquired a taste for such salads of endive and lettuce as are afforded in the London markets, and still more in those of Brussels, throughout the winter, would not very readily reconcile themselves to the acetarious productions of Dublin and Glasgow during that season.—*London's Encyclopædia of Gardening.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHEAP COOKERY.

The ignorance of the proper mode of cooking vegetables, and especially of dressing salads, which exists among the middling classes, is another retarding cause. A French labourer, out of a few leaves of dandelion and wild sorrel, which may be gathered by the hedge sides anywhere, and almost at any time, will produce, merely by the aid of the common condiments, what the wives of the greater number of respectable British tradesmen have no idea of. There can be no great demand for a thing, of which the use is not thoroughly understood; and, therefore, an improvement in the knowledge and practice of cooking must take place among a certain class before much can be expected in the quantity, kind, or quality of the gardening articles which they commonly consume.—*Ibid.*

A Picture of the New Town of Herne Bay; its Beauties, History, and Curiosities in its Vicinity; including some particulars of the Roman town called Reculver. By a Lady. With a Map and many Engravings. John Macrone.—As the season is now approaching, and apparently so auspiciously, when all parties will be rushing to refresh their smoke-dried faculties in the sea, we have much pleasure in expressing our approbation of the little volume whose title is set forth above. It is written in a manner of a higher order than such works can usually boast—although boasting be commonly their forte. According to its showing, Herne Bay is one of the most convenient and pleasant of watering-places; albeit, its portrait in the frontispiece is not particularly attractive, from a want of foliage;—for, alas! oh Kent, thy beauties lie mostly inward, showing but a chalky outside. But it should appear, that in common with the rest of the coast, Herne Bay enjoys an especially wholesome atmosphere; an unusual assemblage of convenience in a place so new; and is virtually in the immediate neighbourhood of town; so well ordered, rapid, and reasonably charged are the modes of conveyance; while the walks round about and inland are both interesting and beautiful. We doubt not that a sight of the "Picture" would send many a visitor to the place; still less do we doubt that every visitor should exchange his half-crown for this really graphic and amusing guide. We shall give an extract or two from it in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged for the suggestion of T.

Also to a COCKNEY AT WIMBLEDON, whose information will be acceptable. The errors which he and other readers notice respecting the girth of the horse's statue at Charing Cross, will be corrected in the SUPPLEMENT.

Thanks to R. S. D.; but there are more difficulties in the point in questions, than readers in general can be aware of.

A letter reached us while addressing this notice to Correspondents, dated June 9th, and speaking of a poem, the writer of which, whose initials are S. C., had just arrived in London. The poem has not yet reached us.

The article on 'Modern Sculpture,' and Mr BARNARD's letter next week.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

THE UNITED STATES.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America, from April 1833 to October 1834.

By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 3 vols. 8vo. London. Murray.

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies, during the Transition from Slavery to Apprenticeship, with Incidental Notices of the State of Society, Prospects, and Natural Resources, of Jamaica and other Islands. By R. R. Madden, M.D., Author of 'Travels in the East,' &c. 2 vols 8vo. London. Cochrane and Co.

NEGROES, mulattoes, and half-castes, with long dissertations on slavery and its abolition, form the main topic of both these works; and we cannot help thinking, that after the interminable details, both official and private, we have had on these subjects, five additional volumes will be found rather too much for the general reader, and that the patience even of the most earnest philanthropist and abolitionist will tire in the perusal of them. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to take a more serious objection, as it *does appear* to us, after a sober consideration, that both Mr Abdy and Dr Madden have let their zeal outrun their discretion, and that the causticity of their remarks on the planters, and the sweeping nature of their assertions, are likely to do more harm than good to the coloured population of the Western world. We should also object to the styles in which these works are written; but we cannot say which is the more tedious and oppressive,—the sesquipedalianisms—the pomposity and rumble of Mr Abdy, or the Doctor's perpetual straining at wit and smartness and vivacity. As, however, there is proverbially nothing so dull as the wit of a heavy man, and nothing more deadly-lively than the vivacity of a man of a saturnine temperament, we believe we must give the palm to the Doctor, who reminds us at every step of the obese, phlegmatic German at Paris, *qui se faisait vif*, &c.

We must say, now that we have had our *revanche* for the unnecessary tedium we have endured in reading them, that each of the works contains some few things worthy of attention; and we will proceed, according to our usual practice, to give some notion of the contents of the volumes.

Mr Abdy, sparing us the details of his voyage across the Atlantic, lands us at New York, on the 11th of April 1833, whither he went with Mr William Crawford, who was sent out by our Government to inspect the prisons of the United States. After spending some three months in New York, and visiting the prisons, schools, hospitals, and other establishments in or near to that city, he went on by New Haven to Hartford, in Connecticut, whence, in a day or two, he proceeded to the pretty town of Northampton, which he describes as being "an excellent place of residence for a man with a large family and small fortune;—a sort of domestic anti-thesis too common with us." From Northampton he went to Boston, finding (as he had given negro-slavery a respite) nothing more interesting to tell during a journey of ninety-four miles, than the following jokes, which prove he is no joker.

"I sat on the box most part of the time, and had a good deal of conversation with my companion (the coachman). He was a very pleasant, merry fellow. As he at first objected to admit a third to the honour of sitting by his side, I endeavoured to *joke* him into good humour, and very soon succeeded, by laughing at his *fun*. When I asked him, for instance, whether he was full inside? he replied with a knowing look:—"I guess I am,—for I have just had a good dinner." We all laughed heartily.—The *joke was new to me*; and the others were not in a vein 'to be nice about novelty. Three young men, who were inside, amused themselves by bowing very gravely and with profound respect to the old folks who were sitting at their doors, or looking out at the windows, as we passed; and who were puzzling their brains, long after we were out of sight, in try-

ing to make out to what acquaintance it could possibly be that they were indebted for this piece of unexpected civility."

As he tells it so particularly, we suppose this *joke* also was *new* to him, though we can hardly understand how it should be so, considering its hoary antiquity in England, and seeing that Mr Abdy is a Cambridge man. When we were young people the fun of the thing used generally to be increased by those who made the salutations crying out at the same time, "Your friend, Mrs Smith, at London, is quite well, and sends her love!" We have sometimes seen a whole village powerfully excited in this manner, but your towns'-folk were mostly up to the trick. During his very short stay at Boston, he visited, among other places, the Père-la-Chaise, or New Cemetery, which is in possession of the "Horticultural Society," and is much visited by pleasure-parties. And here he lets us into the secret that body-snatchers are as common in America as they used to be in England, a "good subject" being worth as much as 100 dollars. From Boston, Mr Abdy went to Providence, in Rhode Island; from Providence back to Hartford, where he introduces an interesting account of the Asylum and schools for the deaf and dumb; and then went on rather hastily by Albany, Saratoga, Utica, Auburn, Geneseo, and Buffalo to the falls of Niagara and Canada. The following fact ought to claim the attention of the tariff-makers and anti-free-trade-men in the States:—

"As there is but a very small duty in Canada on English manufactures, clothing is cheaper there by one-third, if not by one-half, than it is in the United States. It is a common thing for the citizens of the latter, who reside near the frontier, to cross it for the purpose of purchasing whatever they can take back with them as articles of personal consumption. I was told at New York of a person going into Canada to furnish his winter wardrobe, and finding on his return to that city, that the difference of prices between the two countries just covered his travelling expenses going and returning."

We suspect, however, this is almost the only advantage enjoyed by the people of Canada over those of the States. Otherwise, why should a stream of migration flow so constantly from the former into the latter, or why should disappointed British emigrants to Canada so generally "clear out" (as they call it) for the United States? We have been informed that most of our mechanics who went to Montreal in the spring of last year have already left it for the more thriving territory of the republic. There is, indeed, another advantage of a moral character—no slavery is allowed in British Canada, and the absurd prejudices against African blood are much less violent there than across the republican frontier. But little or nothing is seen of slavery in the northern States of the Union, where our emigrants settle themselves; and as for the red men—the native Indians, we are afraid they are the same irreclaimable race everywhere, and that civilization has done just as little for them in Canada as in the States.

After a very short trip in Canada, Mr Abdy returned to New York, where he made himself acquainted with the forms and ceremonies of an American election, with the vote by ballot, and other important political matters. In reference to the ballot he says:—

"We visited at least a dozen of the polling booths; and I found at every one the same sentiment in favour of the ballot—a mode of voting very general, if not universal, throughout the middle and eastern States. * * * This way of exercising the elective franchise is considered a very simple thing. No one thinks it more unmanly to vote in secrecy than to be shut up in a jury-room; or that open voting would add to his consequence what it would take from his independence. There must have been a time when the ballot was un-American, as it was not long ago un-French, and as it is still un-English; but that was no more admitted as a valid objection to its adoption in either country, than an opposite epithet would save it from abolition, if it proved injurious. John Bull is more easily duped. He votes uniformly with his landlord:—but then he votes like

a man, openly and fearlessly. He is not allowed to have an opinion: but then he has a voice; and while he bawls out for the squire, he may boast that he does not sneak, like a Yankee or a Frenchman, to the ballot-box."

On the 4th of April, 1834, after passing the winter there, Mr Abdy left New York and travelled to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and then on to Washington, where he gives an unfavourable, and we think a strongly prejudiced, portrait of President Jackson. After staying twenty days at Washington he proceeded to Virginia and the Southern Slave States, and then, indeed, his strictures on slave-holders are poured forth with an absolute *favor* of thought and language. But from his first arrival in America Mr Abdy makes himself the knight-errant of all men, women, and children, with black skins: he gives himself up to the pursuit of oppressed negroes, freed negroes, and half-castes; he asks every one of them he chances to meet for his story: and, strange to say, there is not one of them in the predicament of Mr Canning's knife-grinder who had no story to tell; but on the contrary, every mother's son and daughter among them has a long narrative, fit to make one's hair stand on end, about the craft and cruelty, the torments and oppression, which he or she and all of them have suffered at the white men's hands. According to this showing, the white men in America are a set of ignorant brutes and monsters, and most of the talent and all the virtues and the sweet charities of humanity, are monopolized by the negroes. But unfortunately for Mr Abdy's consistency, he draws, in other parts of his work, such a character of the American people as renders the large amount of his negro narratives altogether incredible—inasmuch as it seems impossible that such general atrocities as he describes, could be perpetrated by, or in the midst of, such a people. Oliver Goldsmith, in one of his essays, speaks of persons whose compassion could be moved by nothing less than a wooden leg, a maimed arm, or a case of total blindness, in the petitioner; but Mr Abdy's charity is awakened by a dark skin, and by nothing else—a fair complexion stands no chance with him, nor does he, in the whole course of the three volumes, ever kindle into benevolence, unless it be for an African or the dependant of an African. We might let this peculiarity of humour pass, were it not for the rather important fact, that his charity for the blacks is, in numerous instances, uncharitableness and downright malice to the whites. If the negroes have been treated in the horrible manner related, how is it that they have such large families, and have increased so prodigiously? For, according to Mr Abdy, they are far more numerous than the whites in the Southern States; and the ratio of their increase and multiplication is such, that at no very distant time they *must* swallow up all other classes, and become the lords of the soil.

The whole system of negro-slavery is bad; and the power that a planter has over a slave is a power that no man ought to have over a fellow being, let his colour or his intellect be what it may; and where such a power exists there must be occasional acts of cruelty and oppression. But Mr Abdy complains of the manner in which the white Americans treat the emancipated and free people of colour, even more bitterly than he complains of their harshness towards their slaves, and nothing less will satisfy him than intermarriage and a thorough social and political intermingling of blacks with whites;—and this, in spite of the slowly changing nature of human prejudices and antipathies, ought, according to him, to be effected immediately! He is in a paroxysm of rage [when an American citizen dares to intimate that the good blood they brought from Britain would scarcely be improved by mixing it with the blood of the negroes from Africa. But, to be entitled to talk as he does on these matters, Mr Abdy, (and such proceedings would be less obnoxious to English than to Ameri-

can society), ought to marry a negress and affianc his sister to a negro,—he ought (supposing he have the power) to put a negro in the parish pulpit, a negro on the bench of magistrates, and a negro at the head of the district school; and then he would show, in his own person, that he had overcome a few of those "narrow prejudices" for the entertaining of which he anathematizes our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

We cannot go at length into these great and most difficult matters; but it must be evident to every cool, considerate man, that no good progress is to be made in them by hasty, sudden measures, by invective, violence, and reproach, or by dealing "damnation round the land," and imprecating the vengeance of the Almighty on the Americans in the fashion of Mr Abdy. Should these volumes ever find their way to America they will exasperate both parties; and, though the author may not have so intended it, they are calculated to encourage the coloured population to an immediate recourse to arms.

From his own admission, or rather boasting, (for he boasts of his own rudeness and want of tact and good humour), Mr Abdy could never keep his temper with any white American who differed with him in opinion about the blacks.

He made a journey of thirty miles or more to discuss the subject with the celebrated orator and unitarian preacher, Dr Channing, who received him kindly, and attentively listened to his representations and arguments, which occupied nearly all the time of the visit, but did not convince the philanthropic Doctor that any other than a gradual change was practicable, or that the immediate amalgamation of the blacks with the whites was either possible or desirable. On this Mr Abdy refused to partake of the refreshments which were politely offered him; and quitting the house in high dudgeon, he set down Doctor Channing as a cold-blooded, reserved man, (he had scarcely allowed him time to speak) as a mere declaimer in print, and no philanthropist at all.

From Virginia Mr Abdy went through Kentucky, &c., to New Orleans, whence he repaired to Cincinnati, where Mrs Trollope built an unsuccessful bazaar; and from Cincinnati he found his way back to Philadelphia, where he takes occasion to describe the magnificent water-works that Captain Hamilton disdained to cast his lordly eyes upon.

Mr Abdy afterwards went again to Boston, and then back to New York, which last beautiful city he left in October, 1834, for Britain, having indisputably seen a great deal of the United States. Although the sense is occasionally obscured by a multiplicity of words and unnecessary dissertations, we can recommend to notice his remarks on American schools, prisons, and penitentiaries. In describing a school at Boston, where the processes for moral tuition are precisely the same as those adopted by Messrs Hill, at Hazelwood and Bruce Castle, he says that Mr Welles (the Bostonian master) knew nothing of their system, and had never even heard the name of Messrs Hill. It may be so, but it appears rather difficult to believe that this should be the fact, as the outlines of Messrs Hill's system have long been printed and before the world, and the Americans have shown a laudable industry in collecting all such things. We thought of giving some extracts to justify what we have said touching Mr Abdy's mouthy style, but the following brief specimen, which may be called "how to describe a drunken Irishman," will do.

The journeymen carpenters of New York had "turned out" for an increase of wages, but though they were committing a great deal of folly, they were sober and respectable in their appearance. Now for Mr Abdy's Irishman!

"Not far off, as if in contrast, lay an Irish labourer, contented with his wages and his whiskey, prostrate like his unfortunate country, and surrounded by commiserating friends;—not that it was not his own will and deed that had brought him down, or that those who were so busy about him, were either accessory to his debasement, or interested in its continuance."

We now come to Dr Madden.

"In October, 1833," to use the Doctor's own words, "six gentlemen, holding special appointments

as stipendiary magistrates, were sent out to Jamaica—I was one of that number. We had nine months' observation of the state of the country, and experience as general magistrates, to prepare us for our new duties."

These duties appear to have been to administer the laws on the plantations and elsewhere, and to see justice done between the planters and whites generally, and the negroes who, on the 1st of August 1834, passed from the condition of slavery to that of apprenticeship, it being provided by our legislature that by the year 1840 they should be wholly free, and allowed to dispose of their labour as they may think proper.

Touching at Barbadoes, St Vincent's, and Grenada, the Doctor arrived safely at Jamaica towards the end of November 1833, and there he remained until the end of November 1834, when, in consequence of quarrels with the mayor and municipality of Kingston, and of what he calls an organized opposition to the new laws in favour of the slaves, he threw up his place in disgust and quitted the island. The Doctor says very confidently that the British government ought to have voted an additional five millions as compensation—that the slaves ought to have been made free at once, without going through the transition state of apprenticeship—that the tranquillity that now exists in Jamaica is of a very precarious sort, and that the plan adopted by our ministers after the maturest deliberation will not and cannot succeed. But, with all consideration, and not to speak to the other points, we think the Doctor's opinion on this head is not worth the squeezing of a single sugar-cane, for he did not allow himself time to watch the gradual workings of this plan. The system did not come into active operation until August 1834, and in little more than three months after the Doctor had abandoned his post and was on his way back to England. One thing is certainly clear enough, i. e., that to secure the success of the system, government must employ "special stipendiary magistrates" with more temper, patience, and steadiness of purpose than the Doctor possesses. But we repeat, that as to the speculation whether the system will succeed or fail, the opinion of Doctor Madden is of an infinitely small value. The subject is one of vital consequence—many weighty considerations ought to have prevented his hazarding a rash, premature opinion; but, unfortunately, disappointed men are seldom very chary of their condemnation.

In the beginning of our article we complained of the Doctor's constant straining at wit and liveliness. The first, which is about the best specimen we can find, may do very well for the forecastle of a West-Indiaman, and were it but put into a comic song, it might possibly suit the "Coal-hole" or the "Cyder Cellar," but we confess that on the important "First of August"—at the opening day of a great experiment, we should have expected something more serious from an M. D. and a "special magistrate."

"The 1st of August passed over without the slightest disorder. I did not see a single drunken negro, nor any great appearance of exultation, except that which, in the subdued form of grateful piety, I witnessed in the churches.

"In fact, for a great festival, it was as quiet a day as can be well imagined. The only symptom I saw of turbulent joy was on the part of some negro urchins, who were throwing stones at a drunken sailor, and who, whenever poor Jack made a reel after them, scampered away, shouting most lustily to each other, 'What for you run away? we all free now! buckra can't catch we! hurra for fuss of August! hi, hi, fuss of August! hurra for fuss of August!' Then the young *élite* of the liberated blacks would courageously wheel round and give poor Jack another volley of pebbles, and cut all manner of ridiculous capers before him. This was the only emanation of the great spirit that had just walked abroad, that I happened to get a glimpse of.

"There was a large dinner, however, of negroes and of free-coloured people in Kingston, at which there was no dearth of negro eloquence after the removal of the cloth.

"But on the north side of the island the sable exclusives got up some dignity balls on an extensive scale, to one of which the lady patronesses invited Sir Ames Norcott and the officers of his staff; and the worthy general, who has no need of haughtiness for the maintenance of that respect which his character commands, I am told attended one of the Almack's that is really in the west.

"The letter which did the office of the Morning Post, describes the party as being numerous attended, and breaking up at a late hour; and omitted not to state that nothing could exceed the urbanity of the lady patronesses, and the indefatigable exertions of the Sambo stewards. Miss Quashaba, belonging to Mr C—, led off with Mr Cupid, belonging to Mr M—, while Mrs Juno, belonging to Mr P—, received the blacks and buckras. But as there are no more slaves to be registered, I will dispense with the owners. Mr Wilberforce danced with all his might and main with Miss Whaunica; Horace tripped it on the light fantastic toe with Mrs Mackaroo; while Mr Mangrove thumped it on the long projecting heel with Miss Diana Pullfoot. The harmony of the evening was only once disturbed by Mr Quacco, a coppersmith, intimating to Wellington, a free tailor, that he was a dam black neger for putting his arm by accident round the waist of his partner, Mrs Weenus; but as the mis-take of property was nothing else, and could be nothing but a mistake, the intimation and the apology were only made in a whisper: so the dancing was resumed, and one of Hart's best-known quadrilles was done great justice to on a bonjoo and a gombah, the violoncello and kettle-drum of the negro orchestra. On the whole, there never was such a twinkling of black feet in Jamaica as the night of the 1st of August in Montego Bay: it seemed as if the Abolition Bill had made the limbs of the dark-complexioned ladies and gentlemen as lively as their hearts; and there was no end to the pleasure and perspiration of the evening, till the head of the gombah was fairly beaten in, and the last string of the bonjoo was scraped to pieces."

CHARLES LAMB AND THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. With Notes by Charles Lamb. A new Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 379 and 385. London. Moxon. 1835.

WHAT an extraordinary, what a noble book is this! A selection of some of the most wonderful passages of human writ, illustrated by a commentary altogether worthy of such a text, like precious jewellery set in hardly less precious and beautiful gold. Never was there a happier choice even of a labour of love. It was a work which Charles Lamb was born and predestined to perform. He and the Old Dramatists, as we say of married persons happy with each other, were made to come together. If he had never lived, they would, for aught that can be called wide and enduring fame, have written in vain; if they had never written, his fine genius would have wanted its most congenial theme and most potent excitement. It would have been as if Nature had been spread out, all varied, rich, and magnificent as it is, and there had been no human mind to look upon and appreciate it;—or as if Art had existed, with its capacities of admiration, and its powers of imitating, of transforming, and even of ennobling what it admires, without that Nature which is at once its material and its inspiration.

Upon the minds of most of those who peruse them for the first time, these volumes will come like a revelation, like the uncovering of a new world. With Shakspeare we all become familiar so early, and so gradually, that although he is the most wonderful of all writers, the emotion of mere wonder is yet not perhaps one which in ordinary circumstances he excites so strongly as some other writers. And it is better that it should be so. It is better that the divine beauty and passion of his poetry should have become as it were part of our being, by having been the daily food of the heart and the imagination from their first awakening to a sense of the beautiful, and indeed by having themselves largely helped to awaken that sense as well as to expand and refine it, than that we should lose this good, which is a possession for life, for the sake of having once experience of being more strongly startled and amazed. But these selections from the dramas of the contemporaries of Shakspeare are not likely to come into the hands of readers in general, until a comparatively late period, and they therefore, as we have observed, will, along with other feelings, excite the sensation of astonishment in all its freshness and force. It is like visiting for the first time a foreign country, where whatever is beautiful or splendid is also novel and strange, and thus has in one respect an advantage for the purpose of immediate impressiveness over the familiar face of our native land, although it will hardly, even after the longest acquaintance, sink into the heart as that does. For, all that is really our being is born within us in our earliest years; no seed draws out the whole nourishment and strength of the soil that is not sown there, and watered by the heart's first affections, and quickened by that celestial light which never comes again.

In themselves, however, and without reference to the consideration we have just mentioned, the present writers, presented at least as they are here, in their most striking passages, are perhaps better fitted than Shakspeare to fill the mind with surprise on a first perusal, even were he and they to be read in the same circumstances. His magnificence is

most frequently of a kind that does not begin by dazzling us, but overpowers and masters us before we are aware of its presence; as in the case of the great influences of external nature, by which we are always surrounded, we feel the effect, but see not and think not of the cause. The one follows the other so immediately and so certainly, that we do not distinguish the power working on us from the feeling wrought in us. The simplicity and purity of his art, its natural and unexaggerated character, are adverse to the employment of those means in general by which what are called striking effects are produced. The contrast between Shakspeare and even the greatest of his contemporaries in this respect is remarkably perceptible in the different and almost opposite characters of the plots and situations in his plays and in theirs. With all the grand poetry he has given us, how little a way has he gone for it out of the track of common life! Not so with the masters of strong feeling and strong expression whom we have now before us. They have availed themselves to the utmost of all the possibilities of human fortune—of all the extraordinary positions in which a daring invention could conceive human beings to be placed, in acting or suffering. The following, for example, are a few of the singular situations out of which they have formed their scenes. In the Spanish tragedy, by Thomas Ryd, "Horatio, the son of Hieronimo, is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress Belimperia by night in an arbour in his father's garden. The murderers (Balthazar, his rival, and Lorenzo, the brother of Belimperia,) hang his body on a tree. Hieronimo is awakened by the cries of Belimperia, and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this, he goes distracted." In "The Insatiate Countess," by John Marston, "Isabella (the Countess) after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold. Roberto, her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her." In Heywood's "English Traveller," "Young Geraldine comes home from his travels, and finds his play-fellow, that should have been his wife, married to old Wineott. The old gentleman receives him hospitably, as a friend of his father's, takes delight to hear him tell of his travels, and treats him in all respects as a second father, his house being always open to him. Young Geraldine and the wife agree not to wrong the old gentleman." In Rowley's "New Wonder, a Woman never Vexed," "The woman never vexed states her case to a divine," which turns out to be as follows:—

"How think you, then, is not this a Wonder,
That a woman lives full seven and thirty years,
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own, yet all this while,
From the extreme verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity.
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for his acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turned a blessing. Is it not strange?"

In Ford's "Love's Sacrifice," "Biancha, wife to Caraffa, Duke of Pavia, loves and is loved by Fernando, the Duke's favourite. She long resists his importunate suit; at length she enters the room where he is sleeping, and awakens him to hear her confession of her love for him." And many others of the same kind might be quoted.

It must be admitted that extraordinary as such situations are, the conception of many of them displays great powers of imagination, and that of the true dramatic kind. Nobly, also, in many instances—in almost all indeed that are here selected—have the subjects been treated. These scenes are full both of nature and of poetry—of nature living, free, and delicate; of poetry always stirring, and often glowing and beautiful in the highest degree. But our readers will be better pleased with one of the scenes themselves than with our criticism. It is difficult to choose, but we may take the following from Rowley's "New Wonder," as being of a convenient length:—

Foster, a wealthy Merchant, has a profligate Brother, Stephen, whom Robert, Son to Foster, retrieves out of Prison with some of his Father's money entrusted to him. For this, his Father turns him out of doors, and disinherits him. Meantime, by a reverse of fortune, Stephen becomes rich; and Foster, by losses in Trade, is thrown into the same Prison (Ludgate) from which his Brother had been relieved. Stephen adopts his Nephew, on the condition that he shall not assist, or go near his Father: but filial piety prevails above the consideration either of his Uncle's displeasure, or of his Father's late unkindness; and he visits his Father in Prison.

FOSTER. ROBERT.

Fos. O torment to my soul, what mak'st thou here?
Cannot the picture of my misery

Be drawn, and hung out to the eyes of men,
But thou must come to scorn and laugh at it?

ROB. Dear Sir, I come to thrust my back under your load,
To make the burthen lighter.

Fos. Hence from my sight, dissembling villain, go;
Thine uncle sends defiance to my woe,
And thou must bring it; hence, thou Basilisk.
Thou kill'st me with thine eyes. Nay, never kneel,
These scornful mocks more than my woes I feel.

ROB. Alas, I mock ye not, but come in love
And natural duty, Sir, to beg your blessing;
And for mine uncle—

Fos. Him and thee I curse.
I'll starve ere I eat bread from his purse,
Or from thy hand: out, villain; tell that cur,
Thy barking uncle, that I lie not here
Upon my bed of riot, as he did,
Covered with all the villainies which man
Had ever woven; tell him I lie not so;
It was the hand of Heaven struck me thus low,
And I do thank it. Get thee gone, I say,
Or I shall curse thee, strike thee; prithee away:
Or if thou'lt laugh thy fill at my poor state,
Then stay, and listen to the prison grate.
And hear thy father, an old wretched man,
That yesterday had thousands, beg and cry
To get a penny: oh, my misery.

ROB. Dear Sir, for pity hear me.

Fos. Upon my curse I charge no nearer come;
I'll be no father to so vile a son.

ROB. O my abortive fate,
Why for my good am I thus paid with hate?
From this sad place of Ludgate here I freed
An uncle, and I lost a father for it;
Now is my father here, whom if I succour,
I then must lose my uncle's love and favour.
My father once being rich, and uncle poor,
I him relieving was thrust forth of doors,
Baffled, reviled, and disinherited.
Now my own father here must beg for bread,
My uncle being rich; and yet, if I
Feed him, myself must beg. Oh misery!
How bitter is thy taste; yet I will drink
Thy strongest poison; fret what mischief can,
I'll feed my father; though like the pelican,
I peck my own breast for him.

(His Father appears above at the Grate, a Box hanging down.)

Fos. Bread, bread, one penny to buy a loaf of
bread, for the tender mercy.

ROB. O me, my shame! I know that voice full
well;

I'll help thy wants, although thou curse me still.

(He stands where he is unseen by his Father.)

Fos. Bread, bread, some Christian man send back
Your charity to a number of poor prisoners.
One penny for the tender mercy—

[Robert puts in Money.]

The hand of Heaven reward you, gentle Sir,
Never may you want, never feel misery;
Let blessings in unnumber'd measure grow,
And fall upon your head, where'er you go.

ROB. O, happy comfort: curses to the ground
First struck me: now with blessings I am crown'd.*

Fos. Bread, bread, for the tender mercy, one
penny for a loaf of bread.

ROB. I'll buy more blessings: take thou all my
store;

I'll keep no coin, and see my father poor.

Fos. Good angels guard you, Sir, my prayers
shall be

That Heaven may bless you for this charity.

ROB. If he knew me, sure he would not say so:
Yet I have comfort, if by any means
I get a blessing from my father's hands.
How cheap are good prayers! a poor penny buys
That by which man up in a minute flies
And mounts to Heaven.

Enter STEPHEN.

Oh, me, my uncle sees me.

STEP. Now, Sir, what makes you here
So near the prison?

ROB. I was going, Sir,
To buy meat for a poor bird I have,
That sits so sadly in the cage of fate,
I think he'll die for sorrow.

STEP. So, Sir:
Your pity will not quit your pains, I fear me.
I shall find that bird (I think) to be that churlish
wretch

Your father, that now has taken
Shelter here in Ludgate. Go to, Sir; urge me not,
You'd best; I have given you warning; fawn not
on him,

Nor come not near him if you'll have my love.

ROB. 'Las, Sir, that lamb
Were most unnatural that should hate the dam.

STEP. Lamb me no lambs, Sir.

ROB. Good uncle, 'las you know when you lay
here,

I succoured you: so let me now help him.

* A blessing stolen at least as fairly as Jacob's was.

STEP. Yes, as he did me;
To laugh and triumph at my misery.
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst his will:
For him I might have rotted, and lain still;
So shall he now.

ROB. Alack the day!
STEP. If him thou pity, 'tis thine own decay.
Fos. Bread, bread, some charitable man remem-
ber the poor

Prisoners: bread, for the tender mercy, one penny.

ROB. O listen, uncle, that's my poor father's voice.
STEP. There let him howl. Get you gone, and
come not near him.

ROB. O my soul,
What tortures dost thou feel! earth ne'er shall find
A son so true, yet forced to be unkind.

(Robert disobeys his Uncle's injunctions, and again
visits his Father.)

FOSTER. WIFE. ROBERT.

Fos. Ha! what art thou? Call for the keeper
there,

And thrust him out of doors, or lock me up.

WIFE. O 'tis your son.

Fos. I know him not.

I am no king, unless of scorn and woe,
Why kneel'st thou, then, why dost thou mock me so?

ROB. O my dear father, hither am I come,
Not like a threatening storm to increase your wrack,
For I would take all sorrows from your back,
To lay them all on my own.

Fos. Rise, mischief, rise; away, and get thee gone.

ROB. O if I be thus hateful to your eye,
I will depart, and wish I soon may die;
Yet let your blessing, Sir, but fall on me.

Fos. My heart still hates thee.

WIFE. Sweet husband.

Fos. Get you both gone;

That misery takes some rest that dwells alone.

Away, thou villain.

ROB. Heaven can tell;

Ach but your finger, I to make it well

Would cut my hand off.

Fos. Hang thee, hang thee.

WIFE. Husband.

Fos. Destruction meet thee. Turn the key
there, ho!

ROB. Good Sir, I'm gone, I will not stay to
grieve you.

Oh, knew you, for your woes what pains I feel,
You would not scorn me so. See, Sir, to cool
Your heat of burning sorrow, I have got
Two hundred pounds, and glad it is my lot
To lay it down with reverence at your feet;
No comfort in the world is sweet,
Whilst thus you live in moan.

Fos. Stay.

ROB. Good truth, Sir, I'll have none of it back,
Could but one penny of it save my life.

WIFE. Yet stay, and hear him: oh unnatural
strife

In a hard father's bosom.

Fos. I see mine error now: oh can there grow
A rose upon a bramble? Did there e'er flow
Poison and health together in one tide?
I'm born a man: reason may step aside,
And lead a father's love out of the way:
Forgive me, my good boy, I went astray;
Look, on my knees I beg it: not for joy,
Thou bring'st this golden rubbish, which I spurn:
But glad in this, the heavens mine eye-balls turn,
And fix their right to look upon that face,
Whose love remains with pity, duty, grace.
Oh my dear wronged boy.

ROB. Gladness overwhelms

My heart with joy: I cannot speak.

WIFE. Crosses of this foolish world
Did never grieve my heart with torments more
Than it is now grown light
With joy and comfort of this happy sight.

The present edition of this delightful book is enlarged by the addition of the further specimens which Lamb published a few years ago in Hone's "Table Book." These make about half of the second volume, and are quite equal in interest to those forming the original collection. Among them is that wonderful performance of Sir Richard Fanshawe's, in a scene from the Spanish play of "Querer pro Solo Querer" (to Love for Love's Sake), which he has turned into the sweetest English verse that was ever written. The annotations interspersed among these later specimens also, are inferior only in quantity to those in the first collection. There is the same depth and subtlety of thought, the same exquisite delicacy of perception, and, in as high perfection as ever, that style at once so racy in its spirit, and so translucent in its material, like the richest wine foaming in the clearest crystal.

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